

The Snake's Best Friend

South America, Brazil

Amazon Rain Forest, October 6th 2012

The mist gradually descended as Julian's brown leather boots sunk in the mud whilst he trekked through the wilderness. His long grey track pants were drenched as he just hiked through a shallow swamp and his yellow short-sleeve shirt was sticky with several cobwebs that were latched around his arms. He was fifteen years old, fairly thin and only five-foot tall. Water seeped through his socks as his toes wrinkled whilst they nudged against the edge. Julian was tired, he scratched his short brown hair and wiped the sweat off his pale skinned bony cheeks and acne covered forehead. He was surrounded by dozens of oaks, maples, purple flowers and giant water lilies. He gasped, removed the water bottle from his pocket and opened the lid whilst he stared up at the dark, cloudy sky. He sighed, filled his throat with warm liquid and closed his eyes as the fluid slowly travelled through his body replenishing his spirit. He finished the bottle, closed the lid and placed it back in his pocket. It was humid, the moist air latched onto Julian's skin whilst he marched forward and noticed a six-foot green anaconda which laid on the ground and flinched. He took a cautious step until he found a gash over its eyes and an opened wound below its jaw. He crouched down, rubbed his fingers across its dry scaly skin and observed the injury. Julian chuckled as he noticed the snake's nostrils above its snout whilst they contracted. A smile smeared over Julian's sweaty face as he said, "strong little guy aren't ya... I'm glad to see that you're still alive."

Julian ran his nails down its body as he gently placed his right hand under its head and slowly picked up the reptile. His knee stumbled as the snake's weight troubled the boy, he wrapped it around his shoulders and kept the serpent safe within his arms. "Wow you're heavy for a baby... Let's hope I can get you back home so we can patch you up."

Several hours passed and Julian had taken rest under a grove of century old oak trees. It was chilly, the dirt was dry with little to no grass on the Earth's damp surface. The sun had fallen and the darkest hour of the night had taken life. He had several logs placed in a pyramid

before him which burned hot as the ember from below glowed a fiery red. The heat's pressure pushed him back as he held a stick with a piece of lamb attached in the end at the blaze's centre. The snake wrapped itself next to Julian in a ball as he sat back basking the heat. He wiped his forehead and gazed back at the injured reptile. Julian sighed, placed a steel rusty mug beside the creature and filled it with water. "I dunno if you snakes drink or not, but just in case you're thirsty."

He picked up the stick, held the lamb up high and slowly swerved it back and forth. "Drink up, to be honest I don't really feel like resting for too long in these woods. The night... It gives me the chills. Anyway, we got about another hour's hike before we reach the shack. Until then... I've just gotta come up with a name for you."

Julian pulled the stick back and observed the crispy lamb. Smoke ascended as the fatty edges melted and the sweet warm scent of ash went up into his nose. He blew on the meat whilst a chilly breeze ran across his arms. He bit his lip as he glanced at the serpent and said, "Lucy! That's what I'll call you, Lucy... Let's just hope that you're a girl."

He chortled, took a bite off the lamb and gently rubbed the snake's forehead. It was juicy, he ripped off the crispy fat and threw it into the fire. "You'll meet my brother when we get back to the shack, Jonathon. He's a good guy you'll like him... It's just us two there, our mum died when I was born and our father... He took off and left a few years ago, so now it's just the big bro and I. I don't see him very often though, because he's always out working at the mill... Oh and we have a cat too! A stray my brother found in the city, he named the chubby little thing Maccas... So I guess it's only fair that I get to be the one who names you, since it was me who found you."

Julian finished the lamb and licked his fingers. He glanced at Lucy who remained silent still wrapped in the ball. He watched its pointy tongue as it flicked up in the air and asked, "oh yeah... That's how you snakes smell isn't it? You probably smell the lamb... I'm sorry with your injuries I don't think it's a good idea for you to eat right now... But it's okay, once you get better I'll fetch a live rooster for you to swallow, that should do the job!"

Julian glanced at Lucy and squinted at her eyes. There were no eye lids, just a thin membrane which was clear that covered her retinas. Lucy's jaw was resting on the ground as Julian stretched his back and relaxed against an oak's trunk. The snake's size expanded rapidly, she was thirty-foot long and wider than the trees, thick white smoke burned into her wounds whilst they healed and the serpent's head rose toward the sky towering over the boy. The dirt smeared over the fire as Lucy's long scaly body brushed over the flames covering it completely. Ember ascended into the moon's bright light whilst Lucy wrapped herself around Julian's frail body. It squeezed tight and his eye's bulged out as Lucy's snout was a mere inch from his. Her stale eyes glared into Julian's as her jaw dislocated, stretched out wide and swallowed him whole. Darkness surrounded him as the air escaped his lungs and his bones were crushed by Lucy's binding torso. His veins burst as Julian's life was sapped from his body.

Julian flinched, he clenched his fist onto his chest whilst his heart pounded rapidly. He was all sweaty, his sight was blurry and hairs were itchy. He faced Lucy who remained dormant

still wrapped in a ball on the ground. He sighed, wiped the sweat off his forehead and declared, "it was just a horrible dream..."

He climbed to his feet and scraped his boot across the dirt brushing it over the ember in front of him. Julian carefully crouched down and gently picked up the snake with his sweaty palms. He whispered, "come on Lucy..."

Once again he wrapped her around his body and removed a torch from his pocket. Julian adjusted Lucy's position so she was comfortable around his shoulders and turned on the light which revealed a path within the darkness that surrounded them. "Not too long Lucy, we'll get you patched up don't you worry."

Julian arrived back at his brother's shack, a single storey brown timber house with a maroon tiled roof, three windows covered by purple drapes and surrounded by a balcony with an iron spike fence. The ten-foot yard was bare with dry dirt and a truck's tyre planted in the centre. He was exhausted, his face was drenched in sweat and his shoulders ached whilst Lucy's tongue slithered against his neck. He pushed the gate open and gradually trekked forth toward the entrance. Beside the cracked wooden door, a blue feathered parrot sat rested on its perch. Its chin and eyes were bright yellow and its beak was dark grey. Julian walked up the two steps to the porch and stopped by the entrance. He gently rubbed his thumb below its chin and stated, "hello there, little guy... Lucy, this is Elvis."

He nodded his head at the snake and announced, "this here's my new friend, her name's Lucy... She's going to be a part of the family now."

The parrot greeted, "hello Julian, hello."

He yawned, crouched down and removed the key from beneath the brown fur mat. He placed his finger in the centre of his lips and glanced at Lucy. "Shh... Where I keep the key is our secret okay, only members of the family know."

Julian unlocked the door, pushed it open and listened to the dry scratching noise that itched at his ears. It was dim and dusty, he switched on the light, walked inside and shut the door behind him. The fibro walls were poorly painted brown and the cheap yellow flower sofa was stained a dark grey and ripped down the side. Beside it was a white wool mat and a pine table on top with an empty ash tray and a ripped can. There was a small timber book shelf at the couch's end next to a plastic television cabinet with a tiny thirty centimetre flat screen in the centre and a freestanding combustion fireplace built into the corner. He wandered over to the sofa and sniffed the foul scent of dry whiskey and stale tobacco. He gently lifted Lucy off his shoulders and carefully placed her down on the couch. Julian's ankle tickled, he lowered his gaze and found his cat Maccas as her orange and white furry tail brushed against his leg. She sat down and stared right up into Julian's eyes. "Aw..."

He leaned over, picked up Maccas and held her by his chin and listened as she purred quietly. "You're hungry aren't you... Don't worry I'll get you something to eat. But for now, I'd like you to meet Lucy, she'll be staying with us from now on and has become a part of our family."

He chuckled as Maccas' fur bristled as she hissed and stared into Lucy's deadpan eyes whilst she leaped out of his grasp on to the pine table and crawled back. "Don't worry baby, she won't hurt you, she's family."

Julian dropped to one knee and massaged his thumb across the cat's neck, she barged her forehead against his knuckles and rubbed it back and forth. "Sorry Lucy... Just let me feed Maccas first then I'll get started on you okay."

He walked into the kitchen and opened the white draw by the silver sink and grabbed a small can of tuna. The fibro walls were painted yellow with a white tile splashback that surrounded the gas stove and rusty fridge. He slammed the draw creating a thick dust cloud that surrounded him and rushed straight up into his nose. Julian sneezed, grabbed a fishing knife from his pocket and returned to Maccas' side.

He crouched down on one knee, placed the can on the ground and faced Lucy. He said, "lucky I carry this fishing knife on me at all times... You don't know how often it actually comes in handy, it's my good luck charm."

He dug the knife into the can and carved a large circle shaped hole in the centre. Julian wiped the blade with a cloth, placed it back in his pocket and carefully tipped the tuna upside down into a red plastic bowl. Maccas ran to the tray and gorged the food whilst Julian walked over to the television cabinet, put his hand underneath and pulled forth a first aid kit. Julian blew the dust off the top and carried it over to Lucy. He sat by her side, opened the kit and removed the white bandages and cream. He glanced at the serpent and confessed, "now... I have no idea how to treat a snake Lucy... But when humans suffer from injuries similar to yours we clean the wounds and bandage them up. Hopefully, this works."

The floor screeched as the door opened slowly and Jonathon entered the room. He was fairly tall and muscly, with long brown hair tied at the nape and an orange scruffy beard. He stepped inside and removed his dark leather boots, brushed his green cargo pants and removed his orange fluoro vest. Jonathon was close to thirty years of age with no wife nor children, his life was devoted to his work at the mill and to his baby brother. He wandered over to Julian, removed his white hard hat and flinched at Lucy's sight. His spine tingled, he gasped as the serpent's stale eyes devoured his whilst he asked, "Julian... You realise that snake is a green anaconda right?"

He nodded his head and answered, "yes I know... why?"

"They're not to be kept as pets."

Julian was happy for his brother to be home, but he was no fan of his biased authority. "Come on Jonathon I'll take care of it!"

He shook his head, glanced at Lucy and stared into her eyes. He replied, "it's not that... When this snake grows up, it will eat you. Snakes know no loyalty Julian... They're only loyal to their stomach, nothing more."

Julian grunted, he faced Lucy and debated, "come on Jonathon you don't know that! I'm gonna be her dad, her name's Lucy!"

Jonathon sighed, he rolled his eyes and noticed the first aid kit and bandages within Julian's grasp. He chuckled, took the bandages out of his hand and said, "you're an idiot... That's not how you heal a snake, bandages will infect the wound."

Julian's face was dumbfounded, he gazed upon his older brother and scratched his forehead. He enquired, "so how do you heal it?"

Jonathon bit his lip and stared at Lucy. The two remained in dead silence as Julian glanced at his brother and wiped the sweat that dripped from his forehead. Jonathon noticed the innocent look in his brother's eyes and sighed. He wandered off into the kitchen and said, "first... Go outside and get the old bird cage and a cardboard box. Make sure the box is the largest one we have, then go and fetch me a heat lamp." He bit his upper lip and continued, "actually get two."

The sky roared as rain poured outside and splashed off the shack's tin roof. He glanced out the window through the drapes and complained, "it's raining..."

"So? Julian don't be such a baby... Go and get that for me so I can begin treating your Lucy. You brought her here."

He nodded his head, grabbed his boots from the door way and carried them over to the couch. While he put them on he said, "okay."

Jonathon's cheeks cracked a faint smile as Julian walked over toward the kitchen. He intercepted his little brother, "uhh buddy... First you complain about the rain now you wish to go outside with no coat or umbrella."

Julian chuckled, he gazed back at his brother with his arm leaned against the wall. He asked, "yeah... So where's the raincoat?"

Lightning flashed outside as the Earth thumped and the thunder's roar echoed in their ears. Jonathon shook his head whilst he nodded toward the bedroom door and answered, "in there... Oh and put a tarp over the cage and box, we need them dry."

As Julian went into the room and retrieved the yellow rain coat and black umbrella Jonathon wandered into the kitchen in search for cream. His baby brother passed him from behind and enquired, "what are you looking for?"

Jonathon found two tubes in the second lowest draw covered in dust. He grabbed a paper towel, wiped them clean and answered, "Neosporin and Lavender."

"Why?"

"To put on Lucy's wounds... Now go and get the cage."

Julian nodded his head and returned to the yard. Jonathon exhaled, he placed the tubes in his pocket and returned to the lounge room. He listened to the cage's metal as it scratched against the concrete outside whilst Julian dragged it in. A strong gust blew through the house and tickled his ears as his little brother shouted, "I've got it!"

He shook his head, removed the tobacco from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. He licked the tip, placed it in his mouth and scraped the match against the box's flint. Jonathon closed his eyes and leaned his head back. He waved the tiny flame against the cigarette's edge, inhaled and blew out the white thick smoke. Whilst Julian dragged the bird's cage through the kitchen Jonathon yelled, "be careful... Place the tarp on the floor and put everything on top."

Julian waddled into the lounge room fatigued. He leaned his palm against the doorway, crouched over and gathered his breath. He asked, "why?"

He rubbed his thumb against his lips and answered, "actually... That'll dirty the floor I just remembered the top of the tarp will be drenched. Go remove the tarp, put it back outside and dry yourself up."

Julian saluted his brother and stated, "yes boss..."

Jonathon climbed to his feet, flicked his cigarette ashes in the tray on the table and walked into the kitchen. There laid a large metal bird's cage three-foot wide and six feet long. It was rusty, with no hay inside, no dirt nor water, just the cardboard box that he requested earlier and the two heat lamps. He opened the cage door and waited by the edge as Julian returned. Jonathon crouched down and directed, "we'll pick it up together."

He nodded his head, held on to the cage's side and said, "sure."

Jonathon chuckled, "hey just curious... Why'd you name her Lucy?"

"I don't know... she looks like a Lucy."

He shook his head and stated, "sounds like Lucifer... You know, the serpent from the Garden of Eden?"

Julian laughed, "shut up."

The two slowly picked up the cage and carefully carried it to the lounge room. They gently placed it down beside the couch and Jonathon grabbed the lamp and immediately put it on the desk. He requested, "unfold the box and use it to cover up the cage's surface."

"Why don't we just use hay?"

"Hay will infect the wounds, just do that while I go and get some paper towels."

As Julian unfolded the box Jonathon retrieved some paper towels from the kitchen. He covered the cage's surface with cardboard as Jonathon carefully placed Lucy inside followed by a large clear bowl of water. He rubbed Neosporin and lavender gently over her cuts whilst Julian plugged the heat lamp in the power point by the television and carried it over. He enquired, "okay... So what do we do with this?"

Jonathon placed a large white glass bowl diagonally over Lucy and balanced it with a round coin box. He put the paper towels by her side and shut the cage's lid. He scratched his head and answered, "we need to keep the cage humid at all times and Lucy as dry as possible. A snake will slowly heal after a few sheds and all this treatment will do is speed up the healing process. So place the lamps on top and turn it on."

"Okay."

Julian done as his brother asked and put both lamps beside each other on top of the cage. He switched on the bulbs and watched whilst heated lights shined upon the injured snake. A smile planted itself on his face as Julian glanced at his brother who wasn't very fond of Lucy. He sighed, gazed at the serpent whilst she wrapped herself below the light and shook his head. Jonathon said, "look Julian... You may keep this snake until she heals, then you have to set her free. That's the deal."

He grunted, glared at Jonathon and replied, "what's the problem anyway? You got to bring Maccas home. What's the difference?"

"I told you already, they know no loyalty, only to their stomach... She's got one month, then she has to go."

The room was rife with tension as Jonathon exited the room and Julian stayed back rested on the sofa. He faced Lucy and commented, "I think my brother's just jealous... Well don't worry I'm not getting rid of you. I'll just hide you while he's around. No need to worry that's not very often. He's busy working."

October 6th, 2015

Julian pushed through the ripped screen door and landed on the balcony. He adjusted the cuffs of his red flannel checked shirt and nudged the black leather belt connected to his blue cargo pants. He scraped the mud off his grey boots against the stair's edge and gazed upon the shiny sun which glared through the shady clouds that covered the sky. He rubbed his thumb across his clean shaved cheeks and flicked the long plat behind his back which ran down to his tailbone. Jonathon followed Julian out of the house and wandered straight down the stairs and over to his white Ute. He held onto his hard hat whilst he unlocked the door dressed in a fluoro vest and grey shorts. His green socks ran up to his knees and his leather boots were covered in dry cement. Julian waved at his brother and said, "take care Jonathon."

Jonathon smiled, opened the door and replied, "you too Julian..." He placed one foot in the vehicle and lowered his gaze. He stopped, looked back up and continued, "oh and did you end up finding Maccas and Elvis?"

Julian's sour expression answered Jonathon's question. He stared at the cage by the door and explained, "it's been six months since Maccas disappeared... And nearly a year since we've seen Elvis... I don't think they're coming back."

Jonathon shook his head and stated, "probably not... But you never know, I've heard of cats and birds disappearing for longer periods and returning."

"Really?"

"Yes... All you need is hope Julian... Hope and faith. If they're still out there and they're safe, they know where home is."

Julian rubbed his reddened eyes and failed to hide a slight smile that smeared over his pale cheeks. He asked, "you think so?"

Jonathon nodded and replied, "I know so."

A chilly breeze ran down the boy's spine as Jonathon hopped inside the car and shut the door. Julian ran over to the vehicle and tapped on the window as his brother turned the ignition. He shouted, "wait I forgot to ask you something."

He leaned over and wound the window down. Jonathon replied whilst he placed his seatbelt on, "what is it?"

Julian chuckled, "are you coming back tonight?"

He smiled, shook his head and answered, "maybe... I can't answer that... Depends on how much work I get done at the mill."

"Oh okay."

Jonathon pulled the hand break down, set the Ute in reverse and looked back. He saw Julian's sour expression in the reflection and sighed, "hey..."

Julian rose his head and said, "yeah?"

He turned on the radio and stated, "I'll bring you a chicken if I come back... And that's if I come back, I can't promise you anything."

Julian nodded his head, "sure."

He watched as the bald tyres of his brother's ute spun through the dirt which scattered the gravel and small rocks beneath. He reversed out of the drive way leaving nothing but a small smoke cloud and a trail of disturbed dirt and gravel behind. As he travelled down the dirt road Julian yawned, he trekked over to the porch and sat on the front step. As the mist rolled over and cloaked the yard he placed both hands on his cheeks and stared into the woods. He whistled whilst a nearby bush next to a group of trees at the Amazon's edge rustled. Julian's ears tickled as he rose his gaze rushed with excitement. He called out, "Maccas!"

Goose bumps plagued his arms whilst a cold chill ran through his veins as he sprung to his feet. Julian ran across the yard, leaped over the tyre and over to the bush. Lucy's head

popped out as she slowly slithered from the forest and circled Julian. He sighed, "it's just you... Sorry sweetie I thought Maccas had come home."

Lucy grew immensely in the last three years, she was now a foot wide and twelve feet in length. Due to Lucy being kept secret from Jonathon, Julian had her rest tight in a cosy timber shack he built for her in the forest whilst his brother was home. He crouched down, rubbed his thumb underneath her oversized jaw and kindly suggested, "come on... Let's go inside and make a fire. I'll fill up your water bowl too in case you're thirsty."

He turned toward his home's entrance under the sun's dim light with Lucy following along the ground. He approached the porch, removed his boots and opened the screen door. He waited for Lucy whilst she slithered inside and chuckled, "after you."

Julian yawned, he rubbed his teary eyes as the flames which burned within the combustion fireplace warmed his chilly skin numbing his aching pain. Lucy had wrapped herself around the couch whilst he laid back on the sofa as the owls hooted from the chilly yard. Julian burped, he closed his fist and patted his chest whilst his shoulder tickled. He giggled, glanced to his side and noticed a yellow and black furry legged tarantula the size of his fist as it crawled over to his shoulder. He opened his palm and placed it by his neck whilst the spider's itchy legs landed on top of his hand. "Hello Eddy!"

He lifted his palm and carried the spider over to his chest and asked, "how'd you get out of your cage?"

Julian climbed off the sofa and waddled into his kitchen where he had a small rectangle shaped bird's cage filled with a thin layer of dirt as the surface, some leaves and two dead mice. He opened the door, carefully placed the tarantula inside and shut it before he returned to the serpent's side by the sofa.

Julian closed his eyes and yawned, covering his mouth with his hand and stretching his back. The snake's head slowly rose by the couch's arm whilst its long body wrapped itself around the sofa. He gazed at the clock on the wall checking the time and suggested, "Uh Lucy... It's nearly midnight I should take you outside before Jonathon comes home. Sorry but you know what he's like... Snakes are devils blah, blah, blah."

Lucy's tongue licked Julian's cheeks as she stretched her head back and he observed how she dislocated her jaw. He flinched, gazed around himself and noticed that the serpent had him snared on the couch. Sweat dripped from his forehead as he nudged to the sofa's edge whilst Lucy pounced at Julian's head. He panicked, ducked the snake's assault and fell to the floor. He turned back as the serpent smashed through the fibro wall sending a cloud of dirt and small broken pieces of timber across the room. Julian shouted, "Lucy what are you doing?"

He inhaled some of the dust which orbited the scene and coughed whilst he covered his mouth. Julian found himself backed into the corner by the fireplace as Lucy removed her head from the wall and faced the boy. She launched at him once again where he leaped toward the ground and rolled over the floor. The snake crashed into the television cabinet and as the bookshelf fell to the floor Julian screamed, holding on to the sofa's edge. Lucy wrapped her gigantic body around him tightening her strain whilst he gagged. Julian struggled to breathe as Lucy's grazed head rose and met him eye level as her slimy tongue licked his nose and lips. The door slightly creaked as it slowly opened and Jonathon entered the home carrying a small plastic bag of cooked chicken with chips. He said, "told you I'd come back."

Jonathon removed his shoes placing them by the door, faced the lounge room and was startled by the green anaconda who was slowly strangling his brother. He bolted toward him as Julian shouted, "help me!"

Jonathon trembled at the sight before him, his eyes quickly scanned the room until he rushed over to the fireplace and grabbed the log iron poker by its side. Lucy's scales scraped Julian's skin as she squeezed him tight as he started to choke. His eyes bulged as he gagged on the rising blood forming in his throat. Julian's eyes then started to roll backwards. He was dying.

The floor vibrated as Jonathon's feet pounded against the timber as he ran over to the serpent whilst she glared straight into the older brother's desperate eyes. She opened her mouth as he thrust the iron poker's jagged tip into her throat stabbing it through to the other side, narrowly missing Julian's head. Lucy reacted fiercely, she whipped Jonathon with her tail sending him airborne crashing into the wall. She was weakened, as the iron poker remained embedded in her throat. She loosened her grip on Julian and slithered over to his brother. Jonathon laid unconscious with a large abrasion on his forehead as Julian fell to the floor with his hand on his chest gasping for air. He stared at Lucy whilst she circled his brother, he placed his hands on the ground, took in a deep breath as his heart pounded rapidly and slowly pushed himself to his feet. The iron poker dangled whilst blood dripped from its edge and stained the floor as Julian's swollen throat expanded as he screamed, picked up the ash tray and threw it at the snake. It missed, smashed into the wall where glass scattered into Lucy's eye causing the serpent to flinch. Jonathon coughed as she swung her tail into Julian clashing with his gut, barging the boy back into the couch. Plastic poked into his thigh and Julian remembered the fishing knife he always kept in his pocket.

As Lucy was about to devour Jonathon he pulled out the blade, removed the casing and charged over to the snake. Fire burned through his veins as his cheeks reddened and heart pounded rapidly. He screamed as she tightened her snare around his brother and rubbed her snout against Jonathon's cheeks. Julian repeatedly dug the blade below Lucy's jaw ripping her to shreds. Her blood splattered over his face whilst he ripped the knife across her skull tearing out her eyes.

Lucy's head was torn apart. Blood saturated the serpent as she released her grip on Jonathon and fell by the fireplace. There she laid lifeless as her tongue stuck to the floor and

tiny stale eyes gouged from her head. Julian dropped the knife, caught his brother and carefully placed him on the ground on his side. Tears poured down his cheeks as his hands fidgeted and his entire body shook whilst he gathered his breath. He leaned over Jonathon and patted his forehead whilst he cried, "Jonathon wake up... Please wake up!"

Jonathon spat saliva onto his brother's cheeks as he opened his eyes and coughed. He faced Julian with a tiny hint of a smile embedded into his face and whispered, "I told you to get rid of that snake."

Julian chuckled though he was full of regret. He glanced at Lucy as he wiped the tears from his eyes. He shook his head and replied, "I'm so sorry Jonathon."

A cool breeze ran through the house as both of the boys were drenched in sweat. Jonathon sat up and leaned his back against the wall. "Lucy huh... I told you to be weary of snakes, they're only loyal to their stomach."

Julian held back his tears and stared at Lucy whilst he asked, "but why? I saved her and looked after her all these years why would she do that?"

Jonathon laughed as he climbed to his feet. He wandered over to the front door and picked up the bag of chicken. He answered, "well you just said it didn't you... She's a snake, why'd you bring her home knowing what she was? It's in their nature, of course she was going to bite you, you knew that from the start... Ultimately, no matter how much you try to sugar coat it, a snake is a snake is a snake."

Julian sighed, "I guess."

Jonathon approached his little brother and patted him on the shoulder. He stated, "come I brought you chicken! Let's go we'll clean this mess after."